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THE TIMES

AND

THE MEN.

A SATIRE.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1871.

THE TIMES AND THE MEN.

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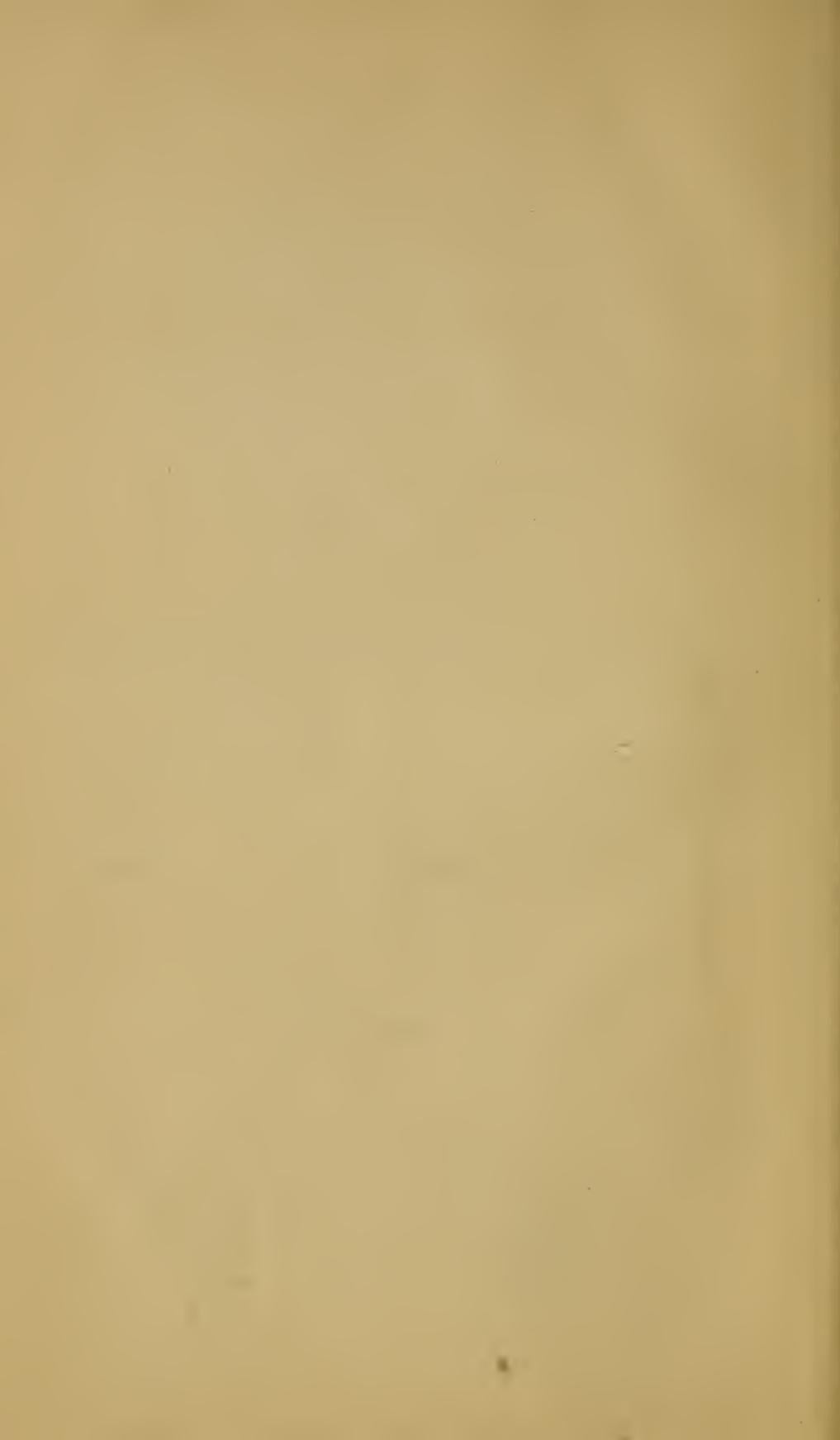
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THE TIMES AND THE MEN.

I THURIEL'S spear* revealed to Angel eyes
The Devil, lurking in obscure disguise ;
Its magic touch displayed the reptile foe,—
Infernal author of terrestrial woe.
Thus, Satire oft the Evil One exposes,
And drives him from his Paradise of roses,
From Vice the drapery of Virtue tears,
And to the world the Hypocrite declares.

O Satire, Virtue's true and steadfast friend,
'Tis thine to teach the wayward TIMES to mend,—
To lash the insolent, the vain, the proud,
And point out Rascals in the drifting crowd ;
To show where humble merit pines and weeps,
While crime on crime the sordid sinner heaps ;
To throw on Court and Camp and Church and State
A light,—their mysteries to penetrate ;
Pretending Patriots, with presumptuous boasts,
Robbing the Country in official posts ;

* "Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.
* * * * *
Him thus intent, Ithuriel, with his spear,
Touched lightly."

Paradise Lost, Book iv. lines 800-810.

And knavish Politicians' tricks describe,
And vile corruption's dark, designing tribe ;
From high-placed villains to strip off the mask,—
This is thine office, Satire, this thy task.
Perchance sometimes your pen will flow with gall,
But only to promote the good of all ;
No just man's fame you will in malice blot,
Though sometimes you may spare when you should not.

Fair is the Land, the fairest on the globe,
Gold for her soil, and Beauty for her robe ;
Her lofty mountains to the sky ascend,
Her lakes, like inland oceans, vast extend ;
Through various climes her mighty rivers flow,
And teeming cities in her valleys grow.
Much there is visible to prompt our praise,—
Much patriotic hopes and pride to raise.
Improvement marches with a giant's pace,
And the wild wilderness to man gives place ;
The iron road o'er mountain, river, plain,
Ocean to ocean rivets with its chain.
A power colossal lifts its towering form,
Confronts the world and challenges the storm.
If Justice, Truth, and Virtue be its guide,
Its strength will strengthen as long ages glide.

Enduring greatness cannot e'er be built
By nations stained with meretricious guilt ;
On Virtue only* those foundations stand,
Which give longevity to any land.

* The true foundation of national greatness is neither wealth nor military power, but the general diffusion of education, religion, and morality.

Despotic governments may oft live on,
Though vice and wickedness surround the throne ;
But a Free People cannot long survive
Where vicious men and rank corruption thrive.
As dazzling meteors shoot along the sky,
A moment flash and evanescent die,
So that Free State where wicked men have sway
Is doomed to premature and swift decay.
Vast though her wealth, her borders stretching wide,
Huge though her numbers be, her power and pride,
Soon on her vitals riots fierce disease,
Soon Freedom's last Pulsations, flutt'ring, cease ;
And Tyranny, exulting o'er the wreck,
Places his foot on every Freeman's neck.

I come not now, my Fatherland, not now
Thy glory and thy power and wealth to show ;
Though matchless, in a thousand things, thy fame,
There's much in thee to flush the cheek with shame ;
There's much the honest patriot cannot brook ;
There's much which courts the moralist's rebuke ;
A flood of evil in the Land to stem,—
Public and private errors to condemn.
Crime roves the Land through all its busy scenes,
And law defies, from Boston to Orleans.
With pride inordinate the public mind
Perversely to pervading wrongs is blind ;
With vanity the Nation is elate,
Nor heeds the blots her fame which desecrate.
To these dark blots her gaze I would invite,—
If not her pride, at least her shame excite.
No soothing-syrups do the people need,—
No vain oblations to a vicious creed.

Therefore I come not now with grateful lays
To pour the sycophantic tide of praise.
Stern Truth demands some master-hand
To paint the shadows hovering o'er the Land.
Mine is not that, but still its feeble aid
May trace, if not the picture's light, its shade ;
False Gods and Idols teach good men to scan,—
Exalt the Patriot,—show the Charlatan.

'Tis a wide field I ask you to explore ;
I can but touch and skim the surface o'er :
Point out some mischiefs in the State's misrule,
Discern where struts the rascal, where the fool ;
Show how the Politician plays the knave,
And digs, infatuate, his party's grave ;
How proud monopolies, with greenbacks flush,
The murmurs of the Press at will can hush,
The Courts and State and Congressmen suborn,
And make the Ballot-box a thing of scorn ;
How Rings of Rogues adroitly legislate,
And buy and sell the Statesmen and the State ;
How Party, to the People's will untrue,
Subordinates the many to the few ;
How Politics the people vitiate
And make of little men—the little great ;
How Congress trifles with the nation's weal,
And helps the Lobby to defraud and steal.

O Bards, whose strains the World delights to hear,—
Longfellow, Bryant, Boker, and Whittier,—
Why don't your pens with Satire's lightning play,
And roll your thunders o'er a World astray ?
One blast divine from an illustrious lyre
Despondent Virtue would with hope inspire.

But if you will not tread this fertile field,
A feebler hand the scorpion scourge must wield,
And, though it cannot strike the monster dead,
At least attempt to bruise the serpent's head.

The Pen of History will fix the date
Of the decline of virtue in the State,—
Will show how Civil War demoralized
All that Society once dearly prized ;
How public and alike how private life
Became debauched by that atrocious strife ;
How crime kept pace with an augmenting flood,
With the sad flow of fratricidal blood.

'Tis bootless now to say what section first—
What Party brought on us that war accursed ;
It boots not who the followers or the chief,—
It came, and ploughed the furrows of our grief.
On both sides there were rights and wrongs,—
I will not weigh to which the fault belongs,
Except that History will bestow rebukes
Ever on him whose back was thrashed by Brooks.
His bitter taunts provoked the South to wrath,
And drove her People on the Rebel path,
While Sumner's courage was the type held forth
Of coward men who filled the swarming North.

Necessity, stern arbiter of Fate,
'Twas thy decree that war should grow from hate.
The kindred ties were cut our fathers wove,
And brooding vengeance is the child of love.
But though its cause we will not seek to trace,
Its scars and griefs long years will not efface :
But still employ the weary student's pen,
And teach sad lessons to all thoughtful men.

Prolific Parent of all monstrous crimes,
In all the wide world's ages and its climes,
Thou art, O Civil War, th' incarnate Devil,—
Impersonation vile of concrete evil !
By thee demoralized, all classes feel
Corruption's poison to their bosoms steal ;
The slimy steps of vice, with stealthy stalk,
Invade, polluting, every human walk.
How swells of daily crimes the catalogue,
Read in the chronicles of each day's rogue.
That paper fails and is considered dull
Whose columns teem not with coarse garbage full,—
Of murder, arson, robbery, and rape,
And forgery, and crimes of every shape.*

The Press, Taste's organ once, both true and just,
Excites too often, now, complete disgust ;
Eager for wealth, the easy growth of bribes—
How thrifty is the host of worthless scribes !
Imperial monarch over Church and State,
O mighty Press ! what food has made thee great ?
Freedom alone has nursed your stalwart power ;
But Freedom lives not, without Virtue's dower.
Betray not Virtue, then, for to the Press
Hers is the Talisman of all success.

There are some Editors you cannot bribe,
But there are many of another tribe.
'Tis a sad truth, that, as a gen'ral thing,
Our boasted Press obeys the Railroad Ring.
With this exception, we, with pride, confess,
Great is the value of the Nation's Press.

* The elaborate publication of crimes, with their disgusting details, vitiates the public taste, and has a most demoralizing tendency.

It is the People's eye, and ear, and tongue,
On which the faith of multitudes is hung.
Too oft the Demagogue's subservient tool,
It crushes Patriots and exalts the fool.
As candidate, the poor man it abhors ;
The Rich have merits which the Press adores—
A large *douceur*, the Editors expect
From those rich candidates they help elect.
Despite these faults, and other just detractions,
Despite their being instruments of Factions,
Despite of many other petty vices,
And that for every service they have prices—
Still boldest champion of the public good,
The Country's Press stands now, as it has stood,
Omnipotent to sway with moral power,
The Nation's bulwark, in her darkest hour.

So, when brave Anderson, in Sumter, heard
The hostile gun of Rebel Beauregard,
And horror held, awhile, the Nation dumb
In awful augury of woes to come,
It was the Nation's Press whose voice called forth
The must'ring millions of the West and North,—
Far over plain, and hill, and valley pealed
The Patriot summons to the martial field :
It smote the plain, the hill, the vale, and rock,
And hosts poured forth responsive to the shock.
Yet, in that hour, with everything at stake,
Even from the Press you heard that sneaking snake,
The "Copperhead," hiss treason through the land,
And the brave soldier with opprobrium brand.*
But they were few and feeble of this stripe—
A gang of men of the true Judas type,—

* The newspapers of this class constantly denounced the soldiers as "Lincoln's Hirelings."

Vallandigham's weak echoes—shallow all—
 Like Reed, Pomeroy, the Woods, and Jersey's Wall :
 For Rebels and Republicans they wrought,
 Perchance, by one or both, with greenbacks bought.*
 They served their Party's foes,† perhaps were paid
 By them, for the brave friends whom they betrayed ;
 For who so blind that he will dare to say,
 They worked for infamy without their pay ?
 Their crimes were rank and reeking smell to Heaven,
 For, with their vile and execrable leaven,
 A grand old Party was debauched, disgraced,
 And a foul blot on its escutcheon placed.
 That grand old Party, to the Country's call,
 Sent half of those ‡ who went to fight or fall.
 And, through the War, two fires were taught to bear,—
 Rebels in front, and “Copperheads” in rear.

It is a proud vocation to address
 The World's large audience through a bold, free Press ;
 Inform the old, instruct the growing youth,
 And speak the words of soberness and truth ;
 The deeds of wicked men to stigmatize,
 And win the plaudits of the good and wise.
 It is a proud vocation, where the pen
 Is held by honest, patriotic men,
 Inspired with reverence for the Press itself,
 And not with the ignoble greed for pelf.

* It is well known that some of the most virulent Copperheads were in Republican pay—employed to write and speak—and the Democratic Party held responsible for their treasonable doctrines.

† There never was a great party so betrayed and abused by its leaders, as was the Democratic Party.

‡ More than half, good judges say.

Such are true sentinels upon the tower,
 Not cringing, purchased, parasites of power—
 And such there be e'en in this recreant age,
 When Falsehood brazens and corruptions rage.

Bold, reckless "Herald," in thy dashing race,
 High attributes of genius we may trace.
 Devious and rugged though thy chosen path,
 And dogged by foemen, in their bitter wrath,
 Always prepared to reason or to strike.
 By all though damned, by all yet read alike—
 The yelping curs cry, "Bennett has been bought!"
 But still the "Herald" is more keenly sought.
 Old Bennett laughs, in his success complete,
 And the whole world does homage to his sheet.*

His long-time rival—Greeley—Tribune sage,
 The scandal and the marvel of the age,
 Deserves a word or two in this connection,
 Unawed by fear, nor tainted with affection.
 In vain is Horace branded, every day,
 As fool or knave, by isms led astray;
 In vain his hobbies are pronounced all bad,
 And the Philosopher himself deemed mad.†
 The poor, pale boy, from Vermont's mountain-side,
 Who sought a home where Hudson's waters glide,
 With type-devouring fingers plied his trade,
 By poverty and hard work undismayed.

* Professing independence, the "Herald," previous to the war, generally favored the Democratic Party; but, after Rebellion, did noble service for the Union. The "Herald" is found in all parts of the world,—often where other American papers are not seen.

† Oakey Hall, in his speech, Nov. 4th, 1870, proves Mr. Greeley to have been demented all his life, judged by his conduct.

That poor, pale boy, with grizzled head, is now
Lord of the thousand, who submissive bow,
As to their oracle, and do his will,
And register his *dicta*, good or ill.

There is much good in Greeley, and some evil,

God he respects sometimes—sometimes the Devil.

Whether good Christian, whether infidel,

Our doubts he has not ventured to dispel.

Slyly, oftentimes, he, with derision, mocks

The antics of severely orthodox ;

A Universalist he's sometimes named,

Having no faith that sinners will be damned.

Oh, how he once Monopolies disliked !

That gun is silent now, forever spiked :

Greeley—the rich Monopolists' best friend—

Promptly their plunder rushes to defend.

“ Oh, keep up taxes, pay our naughty debt,

And let the present generation sweat.”

Thus Greeley, lording, issues his command,

And swarms of tax-collectors vex the land ;

Congress to Corporations gives relief,

And leaves the People to digest their grief.

(The hue and cry to pay the public debt,

For which Monopolists so fume and fret

(Meant for a thousand errors to atone),

Is the excuse to keep the taxes on.

It is a desperate game, and sure to fail,

As those know well who hear the people wail.)*

* The people clearly desire the gradual payment of the public debt. The Radical politicians—in the interest of Bondholders (to keep up the price of Bonds)—are in favor of paying much faster than the people desire them to pay. The people have no interest in the price of Bonds. It is immaterial

With all his many faults, our Greeley still
 Is parent of more good, perhaps, than ill.
 He wars on Franking, and on members' mileage ;
 Down, too, he is, on Democratic pillage.
 For Democratic thefts he has much feeling,
 But winks at his own Party's way of stealing ;
 Yet Virtue he defends—but all too loose
 When a dear friend another's wife may choose ;*
 He likes to "dicker," but his bargains fail
 When Tammany and Tweed, with wiles, prevail.
 Alas for Greeley ! whether bad or good,
 So long his name the butt of scorn has stood,
 It matters not what course the vet'ran takes,
 With whom he bargains or with whom he breaks.
 When Weed and Seward tore his mask away,†
 And showed the Patriot cormorant of pay,
 Poor Greeley felt the treatment rather rough,
 But owned that he was purchasable stuff.

Great Thurlow, long the Arbiter of fame,
 How potent with the crowd was once that name !
 For years, whate'er by Party was decreed‡
 In the York State, was at the nod of Weed ;
 He waved his wand, and Morgan's ghastly form§
 Conjured the whirlwind and compelled the storm.

to them what may be their price. The payment of ten or twenty millions annually would maintain our credit as well, if not better, than the payment of a hundred millions.

* Refers to the Richardson-McFarland case.

† It will be remembered that Greeley broke with Messrs. Weed and Seward because they refused to help him to the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor.

‡ Mr. Weed for many years was absolute dictator of the Whig party in New York, and had great power over the party elsewhere.

§ Morgan, it was said, was killed by the Freemasons to prevent his

Granger's fond hopes were blasted in that day,*
When Weed said, "To the Auburn chief give way."
Van Buren's Regencies long time he worried,
And sorely the Magician's councils flurried.
Proudly the Banner of the Whigs he flew,
While hope still lingered to that Party true;
But when the Democrats assumed the yoke
The South imposed—Missouri's compact broke—
Two brave old Parties withered and decayed,
And a new Power its giant strength displayed.
The Southern nabob's merciless exaction
Roused the remorseless elements of Faction;
High on its billows Weed and Seward sailed,—
The Faction triumphed, but its Pilots wailed.

Peace to the Minister, whose long career
Deserves, perhaps, a frown—perhaps a tear.
Proud was his young ambition to excel,
To serve his Party, and its ranks to swell.
For him the Scholar's and the Statesman's aim
Afforded not the chosen way to fame;
The road to greatness, which he boldly dared,
Was that which Demagogues ten thousand shared.
He plunged into the crowd and, thanks to Weed,
Emerged in Faction's struggles, long to lead;
His ardent gaze was fixed,—for years intent
On his great goal,—to be the President.

divulging their secrets. Messrs. Weed and Seward fanned the flame of excitement until a formidable political Party was organized. Mr. Seward commenced his career as an Anti-Mason.

* The Whig Convention in 1838, which first nominated Mr. Seward for Governor, it was generally thought would nominate Mr. Granger. But Mr. Weed, with great adroitness and political sagacity, induced the Convention to nominate Mr. Seward.

But Greeley stood a lion in his path
And slaked his vengeance, with insatiate wrath,
When in Chicago's streets ten thousand cheers
Said Greeley's debt was paid with all arrears.*

Here, in the lesson of this paltry feud,
Young men, you learn what's Party gratitude !
His Party's architect,—long years its chief,—
Its martyr now in his old age of grief.
Oh, had he scorned the Demagogue's low tricks†
And never made a trade of politics,—
Had he held counsel in his younger day
With Godlike Webster and bold Harry Clay,
And, like to them, had made his Country's weal
Sole object of his fierce, ambitious zeal,
Not thus in dim eclipse his sun had set,
Nor the world scanned his record with regret.
So the old oak a thousand years which stood
Braving the battles of the storm and flood,
Stripped of his foliage, and his limbs decayed,
Succumbs at last, and crumbles in the shade.

I fear 'twould be an everlasting work
To deal with all the Presses of New York ;

* Mr. Greeley subordinates his sense of duty to his Party, to his personal antipathies and resentments. His services to his Party are great, notwithstanding his blunders and want of judgment.

† Mr. Seward is, by many, thought to be the most accomplished Demagogue the country has produced. His campaign speeches of 1860, independently of his history, will sustain this opinion. They facilitated the work of the Southern Demagogues in producing the Rebellion. He rose on the froth of the Anti-Masonic excitement, and helped stimulate it; he coqueted with the Anti-Renters of Rensselaer County; also with the Catholics, encouraging their demands for Sectarian schools. In spite of all detraction, however, just or otherwise, Mr. Seward is one of our greatest men. In all the relations of his private life, his fame is without a blemish.

But some there be whose excellence is such,
And some there be that I abhor so much
That I will pause from other themes awhile
To scan their merits and deplore their guile.

Shade of departed worth, this humble lay
Just homage to thy memory would pay !
Raymond alive a host of rivals pressed,
But Raymond dead his merits are confessed ;
Sagacious and aspiring, generous, bold,
In him the model Editor behold !
No ribald trash his decent page displayed
To raise the blushes of indignant maid ;
No baseless slanders in his columns crept,
And not a friend his treachery e'er wept.
From listening Senates he compelled applause,—
Fearless he championed a righteous cause ;
In politics stern honesty he prized,
And all the Politician's arts despised.
With wit and eloquence his columns shone,
Temp'rate and firm and high his moral tone.
Living, his proud profession he adorned,
And dead, by the whole world his loss is mourned !*

The Poet Bryant is our Country's boast ;
He owns, 'tis said, the New York Evening Post,—
Our Poet publishes immortal verse,
But, sad to say, his Paper is a curse.

Of all the Editors of Gotham, none
That scribe can rival, Dana of the Sun.

* The "New York Times" maintains the high reputation acquired under the management of H. J. Raymond, Sen., and its war on the Rings deserves unqualified commendation.

Shallow his knowledge, puerile his pen,
Scorn of all honest and all generous men ;
His name the very news-boys' daily scoff,—is
A traitor to his friends for lack of office,—
A gen'ral scold, the common world abusing,—
The Pirate of the Press, for plunder cruising.

From distant wilds, from far Wisconsin State,
“Brick” Pomeroy came, with ardent hopes elate.
His miserable sheet had made him there
A thing notorious, at which people stare,—
Atrocious was its language—Treason’s slang—
For which in other lands they rascals hang.
By “Copperheads” caressed, his circulation
Extended far and wide throughout the nation.
New York, where rogues from every clime abound,
Allured, congenial, the pernicious hound ;
But coarse vulgarity will never win
In Gotham, though her streets are paved with sin.
Even blackguards there, with Attic ear,
Turn from the vulgar with a scornful sneer,
And Pomeroy’s penalty for his attempt
To publish there his trash is cool contempt.
A stronger man than Tucker* it will take
A decent Paper from bad “Bricks” to make ;
Upholding “Brick,” Gideon himself may sink :
The more some things are stirred the more they stink.

A Democratic Paper all men read,
High rank to Marble’s “World” we may concede,
If we except its strange chameleon tricks,
Its ever-changing hues, in politics.

* Gideon J. Tucker is a gentleman of culture and refinement, and we are glad to see that, since the above was written, he has retired from the “Democrat.”

It represents, however, but a ring
Of dilettanti snobs, whose labors bring
To Democratic campaigns little strength,
Spite of its brilliant columns or their length.
Fine writing is its *forte*, and eloquence,
But one thing lacking, is its common sense.
It was a gallant fight it sought to make,
And Tweed and Sweeney's iron sceptre break,
Where thieves and plunderers in honor dwell,
To smite corruption in its citadel,
To put a host of rascals to the rout,
And many sound reforms to bring about.
Though fruitless was the contest, its result
Left to its foes but little to exult ;
It forced them to concede a better Charter,
And made the City something less a martyr ;
It proved that, in the great Metropolis,
There is a limit to its wickedness,—
That, in the last extremity, there's hope,—
The Good will rally with the Bad to cope.
Yet ere had died the echoes of its howl
Against the Ring—it hugged them—cheek by jowl.
Marble's the synonym of things which turn,
And from astronomy, in youth we learn,
The WORLD is ever given to go round.
So *Marble's World*, by nomenclature bound,
Revolves subservient to the Venal tribe,
Accepts one side's, and then the other's bribe.
The world's snob Ring was willing—so was Tweed,
And Tammany bled well—as was agreed.
But for a tumble-bug the price* was vast,
And the Lord knows how long the sale will last.

* Supposed to be \$100,000.

A great mistake the World, last summer, made,
When, with false telegrams, it would persuade
Its readers of Napoleon's deeds of glory,
While all the time Truth told another story,—
That the old Despot's reign was near its close,
And Freedom soon, in her convulsive throes,
Rising resplendent from ignoble trance,
A proud Republic, would confer on France.

This, for the "World," with truth, may well be said,
It never toadied to the "Copperhead."
Stern always to Republican misrule,
To please its friends it would not play the fool.
When at Chicago, Democrats proclaimed
The War a "failure," and McClellan damned,
The "World" denounced the folly,—and the asses,
As traitors to the Democratic masses.
And when, in Sixty-eight, the blockheads made
A platform, which more fatally betrayed
The cause which it professed to advocate,
Justly, the "World" cursed it—infatuate.
It might have said, and not been over-rash,
"The Radicals procured it with their cash."*
The whole proceedings were a farce and cheat,
Platform and Ticket fashioned to be beat.
The work of Reconstruction not yet done,
The Party could not grapple had they won,
With the nice questions of the situation,
And, for defeat, they made their nomination.

* As the engineers of the Convention of July, 1868, did their work *exactly* to suit their opponents, it is but natural to think they were well paid *by* them.

Seymour was weak, and Blair a marplot vain,*
 Ticket and Platform played for the Ring's gain.
 Though Hancock, then, perchance, might not have won,
 A better race than Seymour he had run.
 But Hancock, in the field for Seventy-two,
 To the campaign would give a brighter hue.

O gallant Hancock ! Patriot, Soldier brave,
 If thine cannot, no other name can save !
 How would the Hosts, which, in the bloody war
 Followed thy plume, as sailors the North Star,
 Crowd to thy ranks and bear thy standard on,
 Victor of Gettysburg,† to Washington !
 Corruption, then, would hide her hideous face,
 Rascals in Congress, to good men give place.
 Honor the test of merit then would be,
 And Virtue smile on triumphs she would see.

The Democrats, ere Sixty, dug their own grave,‡
 The Government to a new Party gave,
 Of many colors—like to Joseph's coat—
 All sorts of men and factions in one boat,—
 Huge, vast, gigantic, with but one idea,
 Like Polyphemus, with one eye to see.
 But independent, thoughtful men came forth
 From all the troubled Land—East, West, and North—
 The work of Revolution to arrange,
 And bring about, for right or wrong, a change.

* I mean Mr. Seymour was weak *politically*. He is one of our most intellectual statesmen, and an honest, true man.

† To General Hancock of right belongs the credit of the Gettysburg victory, but his merits have been studiously ignored by Republicans and "Copperheads."

‡ The violation of the Missouri compact, and the attempt to force slavery on Kansas, destroyed the Party.

Their victory produced the Civil War,
To break the Union and our glory mar ;
But, equal to their work, this Party new,
True to its mission, and the Country true,
Fought the great battle, and the Country saved,
Crushed the Rebellion, and made free th' enslaved.

Parties have youth, their manhood, and old age,
And vices incident to every stage ;
But Parties, which corruptions vitiate,
In rapid dissolution meet their fate.

Vast though their number, wealth, and their command,
Mighty their bulwarks, their achievements grand,
The people see, undazzled by the glare,
That Freedom's handmaid, Virtue, is not there.
Rising majestic in their stormy rage,
They sweep the Traitors from the public stage,
The chiefs, who have betrayed them, crush to dust,
And look elsewhere for those whom they can trust.

The great, proud Party, whose compact array*
For ten long years has had despotic sway
And held high carnival, the dreary time,
Of peculation, wickedness, and crime,
Now feels decay its inner vitals gnaw,
And to its end Corruption's harvest draw :
For a new lease of Power its hopes are scant,†
And all depends on him they hate,—brave Grant.

* Like all strong Parties, Republicans think the People will stand anything they may do. The election of 1872, even if they win, will probably convince them of their mistake.

† Grant is stronger than his Party. They would like to drop him, but dare not.

Victorious Grant, whose Patriot sword subdued
Rebellion's hosts, the Union's strength renewed,
Though Faction rages, and abhors thy rule,
And shallow Democrats may dub thee fool,*
Though Sumner hates thee, and Ben Butler cheats,
And from thy ranks the Radical retreats,
Your name alone will now prolong their sway,
Despite what Radicals and Sumner say.
Sumner's last chance, he knows, is Seventy-two,
If then he fail, to Sumner then *adieu*!
Ere that, he fain would hope Grant's power to quell,
And, full-fledged, break the Presidential shell.†
The Democrats would ask no better chance
Than with such demagogue to break a lance.
Grant—Grant alone—Republicans will dare
To bring into the field in their despair.
Yet, even then, if their opponents name
A soldier candidate, of spotless fame,
The Radicals' long reign may come to grief,
And gasping myriads have, at last, relief.
The sordid Politician cannot win—
Pit such 'gainst Grant, and Grant goes in:
Pit Soldier against Soldier, Greek 'gainst Greek,
If sure defeat be not the goal you seek.
In his own ranks, the Politicians' crew
Hate Grant, and would not—if they dare—renew
His term. The cold, stern chief they cannot bend,
Some vicious schemes of plunder to befriend.

* It is a great mistake for Democrats to abuse General Grant. Their abuse only helps the Republicans.

† Mr. Sumner's strength diminishes rather than increases, as his aspirations become apparent. The Connecticut election quenched the hopes which New Hampshire excited.

The Politicians' wrath he oft incurs,
Because, for office, he so much prefers
The men who for their Country periled life,
To Politicians, authors of the strife.

But Grant a mighty load will have to bear,—
His Party's twelve years' sins, and wear and tear,
Their Negroism,* robberies, and other errors,
As Democrats declare, a reign of terrors.
To offset these, some brilliant things they boast,—
They saved the Union, crushed the Rebel host ;
All else for which they are responsible,
The distant future will their merits tell.
People are fickle, and the time may come
When on the Negro theme they may be dumb,
Or say repentant, “Sambo's had his day,—
Let Anglo-Saxons now renew their sway.”

Their Foreign Policy all men detest,—
The Alabama claims ignoble rest :
Truckling to Finance† and the British Lion,
Our plundered merchants for redress still sigh on.
England to Prussia's menace‡ naught denies,
While this Republic she with scorn defies.§
Cuba, whose sons so long have bravely bled,
In vain invokes our Country's friendly aid ;
There Black and White deplore our cold neglect,—
They have no rights Republicans respect.

* It may well be doubted whether the American People will *permanently* acquiesce in sharing their sovereignty with the African.

† The fear of arresting the rapid payment of the public debt paralyzes the foreign policy of the government.

‡ Mr. C. F. Adams asked in vain of Lord Russell the very act which the British Parliament made haste to pass on the demand of Prussia, as soon as the war with France commenced.

§ Written last summer, before the High Commission was thought of.

And so we crouch to England and to Spain,—
 Victims, despised, of outrage and disdain.
 Oh, for a day of that Immortal Chief
 Who smote proud Britain at Orleans with grief,
 Not thus did fear “Old Hickory” appall,
 When in his wrath he thundered at the Gaul,
 And Johnny *Crapaud* paid the money down,—
 Scared at the wrinkle of Great Jackson’s frown.

* * * * *

It seems at present, there are none so high
 Whom dollars will not, or some office, buy ;
 From Congressman to Voter,—all are sold,
 And all mankind accept the reign of gold.
 If you desire achieved some venal job,—
 To cheat the Treas’ry or the People rob,—
 Select your Congressmen and Lobby too,
 And not in vain or long you need to sue.
 If lavish Greenbacks grease each open palm,
 They’ll swallow elephants without a qualm.

Time was, in the Republic’s better days,
 To say a man was pure was no great praise ;
 To say that gold a member’s vote would buy,
 Would be a slander,—an egregious lie ;
 But now the States and Nation legislate
 As Lobby Rings, with cash in hand dictate,
 And any price agreed, for laws, will fob,
 Howe’er iniquitous the rotten job.

Oh, daring Fisk ! poor martyred Erie’s Lord !
 He came—he saw—he conquered with a word,
 When Albany obeyed him as a God,
 And Hoffman caved* subservient to his nod.

* Hoffman’s complicity with New York city and Erie Railroad rings is a sad disparagement of an otherwise brilliant record.

Invading Jersey, too, his Greenbacks sent on,
 Brought Solons to their knees* in greedy Trenton.
 Audacious Fisk ! you and your partner Gould
 Too long with lawless sway have bribed and ruled ;
 Think not the plundered thousands you betray
 Can find no Courts but those you keep in pay.†
 Barnard, whose growing fortunes you have built,
 Cannot forever shield your flagrant guilt ;
 Or soon or late each rascal gets his due,
 And Sing Sing's precincts, gaping, wait for you.
 The pace of Justice travels sure, though slow—
 And grass upon her path will often grow—
 But wickedness at last accepts her doom,
 And greets the Dungeon as a welcome home.

While the bright deeds of such we celebrate,
 Sweeney and Tweed, your exploits we may state,
 For, in the buying trade, heroic Tweed,
 What Croesus could your gen'rous thrift exceed ?
 Your well-paid troops stood bravely to their work,
 When in a stream flowed Greenbacks from New York ;
 To Marble's myrmidoms you gave no quarter,
 But rushed impetuous through your City Charter ;
 Virt'ous Republicans became your prey,
 And Democrats, unblushing, gorged your pay.‡

Sweeney the needed brains, 'tis said, supplies,
 And Tweed's executive abilities

* Fisk went to Trenton, and in twenty-four hours got all the legislation he required. For *two* consecutive sessions he has had his own way.

† Certain judges in New York are the judicial instruments of the rings.

‡ It is pretty generally agreed, now, that the honest Republicans in the last Legislature were egregiously "sold" in their "charter" alliance with Tammany, and it is equally well understood that the dishonest Republicans sold themselves.—*New York Times*, August 24, 1870.

Move the machinery which Gotham rules,—
 Grief of all good men and the pride of fools ;
 While Oakey Hall, with rhetoric sublime,
 Before the People varnishes each crime.

The Great Moguls of Gotham ! their proud purses
 Grow with the rich man's spoil and poor man's curses ;
 With a firm grasp on ev'ry pocket, they
 Build fanes* for which the servile people pay.

The Rich and Poor they plunder as they will,—
 The more the People howl the more they steal ;
 Millions on millions to their minions fling,
 And make all rich who battle for the Ring.

As on a foe upon New York they forage,
 Whose people stand it patiently,—with courage.

A corps of smart Republicans they hire,†
 Who in their well-paid service never tire ;
 In midnight orgies of St. Tam'ny revel,
 And with their Party's tactics play the Devil ;
 But of their dirty work none is completer
 Than, at elections, that of the Repeater.‡

Then the bold villain Freedom's bulwark mocks,
 And stuffs with dead men's names the Ballot-box.
 And if Repeaters don't enough "repeat,"
 The *Counters* make, at last, the thing complete ;
 And thus the Ring perpetuates its reign,
 And honest voters vote and vote in vain.

Meanwhile the City debt by millions grows,
 And what it is no human being knows,

* The magnates of the rings have a *p penchant* for building palaces.

† Nothing indicates the power of the rings more than their ability to disorganize the Republican Party in the City of New York.

‡ Republicans having discovered that the Democrats can beat them in the "repeating" game, now virtuously (!) attempt to stop it. The game of "repeating" and "counting" is played, perhaps, more desperately by the Republicans in Philadelphia than by the Democrats in New York.

Nor will, till Tweed lets Connolly declare
The mighty load the patient people bear.

The money which at Albany does work—
Comes from the tax-afflicted of New York ;
The feather ravished from that well-plucked Mart,
Wings the sharp arrow to her bleeding heart !
A bold Triumvirate now masters all,—
Chief Consuls, Sweeney, Tweed, and Oakey Hall,—
The World's Emporium, soon to be,
Sleeps in the throttles of this ruthless Three.

Whate'er their conquering arts, or black or white,
No common men could vault to such a height ;
If crime and plunder help them to prevail,
They do the thing,—on a stupendous scale.
Gigantic crime—whate'er its name we call—
Is by the world esteemed no crime at all.
If you would sin, then sin on a big figure,
The world will not then punish you with rigor ;
Steal but a dollar, and you go to prison,—
Steal millions, and they'll say a star has risen ;
No, not a star,—a Sun of radiant splendor,—
To which the multitude their homage tender.

New York's* the Paradise of those who plunder,
And how the people stand it is a wonder !
Plunder the marble palace has erected,—
For Plunder are her officers elected ;
All Parties, whatever flag they sail under,
Fight for the chance of sharing public plunder.

* For many years the strife in New York and other cities has been, which party should have an opportunity of plundering the public. Until, in municipal elections, the right of suffrage is confined to property-holders, the existing state of things will continue, and property remain the victim.

Retailers plunder,—country folks they nab ;
The Hotels plunder with voracious grab ;
The Tailors, Dentists, Doctors, Lawyers—all
Plunder whoever in their clutches fall.
Reeking with plunder, from its base to dome,
The Custom House is Plunder's special home.
Why don't the City Pulpits launch their thunder
Upon the universal crime of Plunder ?
In ev'ry street the lurking murd'rer prowls,
And while the Police sleep the victim howls.
As crime and Criminals each day increase,
The sleek, well-fed, and gentlemen Police
Grow rich so fast that knowing people say
They share, too oft, with robbing-rogues their prey ;
And should a rascal prove a Democrat
He seldom suffers—if an Irish Pat.*
In Europe's Cities rogues get their deserts,
But here the Law—except in Jersey—seldom hurts ;
And if a murd'rer is by chance condemned,
A thousand names his pardon swift commend ;
With quirk and quibble smart Attorneys move
The Court below or the high Court above,—
The game to save the wretch takes every shape,
And if it fails, the Sheriff lets the bird escape.
Then Greeley tells us, 'tis a shocking thing
That bloody villains for their crimes should swing ;†
The great Philosopher brands it—abuse,
To put men's flesh and blood to such a use.
Some think that hanging does the rascals good,—
If hanging does them good, then hang they should.

* The Irish rascal is specially favored in New York.

† Mr. Greeley is the avowed advocate of the abolition of capital punishment.

The mischief is the Police are selected
By demagogues, and therefore are expected
So to perform their duty as to screen
The Desperadoes running the machine.
Rogues, thieves, and murd'rers rule the City
And take men's lives and purses without pity ;
The dastard Citizen of Gotham sits,
And, passive, to the rule of crime submits.
Are there no men of brains in that great Town,
Worthy to sway and zealous for renown,
Can rouse the people to a proud disdain
Of base submission to this vulgar reign,
Sound the loud slogan of a bright Reform,
Awake the Tempest and drive on the Storm ?*
Alas, intently bent on gain or pleasure,
They will not take the pains to save their treasure.
The enterprising rogues meanwhile hold sway,
And, bold with Deviltry, disport and play.
In the proud Palace of the millionaire
The midnight murd'rer crouches in his lair,
Where, wrapped in sleep, the weary old man lies,
The blow descends, the voiceless victim dies,
And, when the deed of violence is done,
The bloody homicide walks off unknown.
There is no lack of brains in that proud place,
But lack of courage wickedness to face.
Demoralized by wealth and lust for more,
All strife, except for Gold, these gentlemen abhor.

On New York topics chiefly I comment,
Because New York controls the Continent,

* Vigilance Committees have been often threatened in New York, and may come yet some day.

Affects the whole with her pernicious vices,
And troubles morals as she troubles prices.*
Her daily papers visit every Town
And make her daily peccadilloes known.
Boston can many first-class Dailies boast,
The "Advertiser," "Courier," "Journal," "Post."
For Tariffs Philadelphia papers pledge her;
The best among them is the "Public Ledger."
But none of these are Cosmopolitan,
And so their value now I will not scan;
But New York to the Nation gives its hue,
And country papers take the New York view.
The vicious doings of her roughs and rabble,
And ev'ry miserable City squabble,
The Fashions and political addresses
Are greedily transferred to country Presses.
When Wall Street gambles all the Nation bets,†
And when the "Bears" knock "Bulls" the Nation
frets.
New York the price of everything adjusts
And blows the bubble credit till it bursts.
Faint-hearted Boutwell, with impatient eyes,
Waits on the Telegraph for Wall Street lies
Before he moves, the Brokers' board consults,
And brags, incontinent, o'er vain results.
Oh, that the place, by Hamilton filled once,
Should now be filled by Demagogue and Dunce.
The sturdy Champion of our Paper trash,
Boutwell, postpones the day of payments Cash.

* Centralization at New York is more dangerous than at Washington, for it is a money Centralization.

† Literally true, as orders by Telegraph from the most remote parts are sent to Wall Street daily to buy and sell for speculators.

Crime's nursing mother,*—with Suspension grows,
 The brood of Rascals,—as the Record shows.
 While Boutwell to Monopoly plays toad,
 The groaning People must endure their load ;
 Monopolists conspire to keep up prices,
 And Boutwell helps them—to avert a crisis.
 Contraction would the Party's ranks deplete,†
 And prices are kept up to save defeat.
 In vain the people damned the income tax,—
 Boutwell refused the torment to relax ;
 His officers in pay it would offend,
 On whom the Party in its straits depend.
 Congress he orders to renew the Yoke,
 Though millions shriek and Party organs croak.‡

And now you hear the Congress “scalawag”
 Of repealed taxes make his boastful brag ;
 Monopoly he helped, not the consumer—
 The People to relieve he had no humor.
 Monopoly's long purse at pleasure sends
 To Congress, when it chooses, its own friends.
 While on Monopoly they all rely,
 Members, the People, safely may defy.

Of all the Congresses e'er got together
 The Forty-First for Folly is Bellwether ;
 In many things all others it surpasses,
 Especially the number of its asses.

* Sir James Mackintosh, in his speech on Criminal Reform (1818), asserts that the increase of crime in England kept pace with the increase of the irredeemable currency, and they both reached their *maximum* in the same year.

† A crisis might and doubtless would ensue upon contraction. Yet how else is resumption to be attained? How long are we to endure the evils of an irredeemable currency?

‡ The Republican Press universally denounced the Income tax.

To call the Roll would prove a ted'ous thing,—
 We'll only name some Leaders of the “Ring:”
 There's Dawes, economy delights to bellow,
 The grabbers' and the Jobbers' clever fellow,
 The Pilot of New London speculation;*
 To sail that rotten hulk was his vocation,
 And so League Island from his path was swept,
 While Jersey's Robeson in dejection wept.
 There were the Butlers, Farnsworths, Shanks,
 As bad as any in Corruption's ranks.
 The Butler who did not “Fort Fisher” blow up,
 Some day hereafter I may, perhaps, show up.
 There's Logan, too, the Army's cruel foe,
 Because of griefs he thinks the world don't know;
 As Colonel, Major-General, Brigadier,
 He sought the shoulder-straps for life to wear.
 Grant took his gauge, and let the fellow go,—
 Hence came the wrath of Logan and his woe.

There was a numerous gang like Wittemore,†—
 Congress refused the number to explore,
 Lest of the cadet-venders brought to grief
 Some Radical of note might prove a thief.

There was one Congressman did not much harm—
 Morrissey, whose talent's in his arm.
 Some day or two John occupied his seat;
 But, when he found the game was all a cheat—
 A man of honor—the play'rs and the play
 He utterly despised, and went his way.

* A New England Ring is largely interested in the job of getting a Navy Yard at New London; and League Island was sacrificed in 1870 because the job could not succeed. Mr. Dawes worked for New London.

† Turned out of Congress for selling a cadetship. The further investigation was stopped, because so many members were guilty of the practice.

John is a man of too much tender feeling
 To patronize the Congress way of stealing ;—
 He supervises gentlemen who gamble,—
 Not Rogues who sell themselves on ev'ry shamble.
 Never on his profession John goes back'ard,
 Although elected by the New York Blackguard ;
 Yet he is better than the hypocrite,
 Whate'er his education or his wit ;
 And many men to England's Parliament
 No better than John Morrissey are sent :
 There's Wilkes, of whom old Junius wrote so well,
 To seat whom, London threatened to rebel,—
 Whose orgies Fox and other great Whigs shared ;*
 John Morrissey's a saint with him compared.

For wrongs this Congress did no good atones,—
 The People asked for bread, it gave them stones ;
 Merchants the right to buy Dutch vessels claimed,
 Congress as good as told them to be damned ;
 Commerce and navigation they despised,
 Unless by favorites monopolized.

The Democrats, by Booby Brooks† and Wood
 Were led, and, as we know, achieved no good ;
 For jobs, as Radicals they were as keen,—
 A vote's a vote, although the voter's mean.
 With phalanx firm, an opposition bold
 Proudly, ofttimes, may its position hold ;
 So the old Whigs, by Webster led, and Clay,
 “ Old Hick'ry's” marshalled cohorts held at bay ;

* See “Life of Churchill,” prefixed to his works.

† The “Herald” dubbed him thus long ago, and he continues to vindicate the nomenclature.

Taught the old hero to respect the Law,
And wrap with velvet his imperial claw.

Thurman and Cox and Bayard service did,—
No Lobby man dare offer them a bid ;
But, in the Democratic ranks was no cohesion,—
Their opposition oft devoid of reason ;
They fought at random under paltry lead,
And helped their foes the Treasury to bleed ;
Dodged voting to defeat some worthy Bill
They dared not openly assist to kill.
Thus in the Senate was the Country wronged,
And Franking in a sneaking way prolonged.*

It seems as if Infatuation sad†
Made the Democracy behave so bad.
In ev'ry former war, or wrong or right,
The Party squarely stood up to the fight,—
Their Fealty to the Nation always kept,
And opposition from their pathway swept.
But when the Rebels trampled in the dust
The Flag, almost a hundred years our trust,
Why, deaf to all venerable tradition,
Did they pursue the course of sure perdition ?
Why, too, the Tyrant Frenchman's cause espouse,‡
Whose steps are tracked by blood and perjured vows ?
Is it the Irish element they court,
Whose everlasting plottings come to naught ?

* Democrats who spoke against franking, dodged the vote.

† So long as Democratic leaders and presses hint at possible repudiation, and pronounce reconstruction revolutionary, etc., so long they will enjoy the felicity of remaining in a minority.

‡ On the breaking out of the war between Prussia and France, the Democratic press sided with France, and the "World" stultified itself applauding the Emperor.

When Fenian Fools the Party's troops direct,
 Campaigns like theirs in Canada expect.
 But such vain tactics are the same with those,
 The Party's records for ten years disclose ;
 For ten long years, as Folly was their guide,
 Expertly they have practised suicide.*
 Perhaps they will continue so to do,
 And then what hopes have they for Seventy-two ?
 A course more fatal they could not have held
 Had Radicals their ev'ry move compelled.

But the worst symptom of the Times is, that
 Alike Republican and Democrat,
 As servile rivals court the " Railroad Rings,"
 And tender votes as merchantable things.
 'Tis a disgraceful fact, the Public rue
 That men, as corporators, deeds will do
 In moral character, as black and bad
 As those for which we punish the footpad.
 And yet, as private gentlemen, those deeds
 They'd scorn with horror in their utmost needs ;
 But still, as corporators, every day
 The whole community is made their prey,—
 The widow and the orphan, rich and poor,
 Their robberies in hopeless grief endure.
 But Railroad Corporations chiefly now†
 Rob with remorseless greed the high and low,—
 Steal boldly, with unblushing impudence,
 The rich man's millions and the poor man's pence.

* Its leaders, if it were possible, would long since have destroyed the Democratic party. Its promising vitality at present is to be ascribed, chiefly, to the misconduct of the Republicans.

† The stock of many of the great railroad corporations has been watered, within a few years, to the extent of more than \$200,000,000.

These large Monopolies each day expand,
And carve out Empires on the public land,—*
Unite their strength, their power consolidate,
And rule, unchecked, the People and the State.

Ill fares the Land where giant wealth combined
Free States and Freemen can with fetters bind ;
The East and West and North and South submit,
And abject own the servile collars fit.
Still, as the Monster grows, he cries for more,
Until supreme he stands from shore to shore,—
A power despotic in its vast extent,—
Unchallenged master of the Continent ;
At will expands, at will contracts each purse,
And makes the Rich and Poor alternate curse ;
Makes cheap or dear beef, corn, and pork,
While howls the famished tenant of New York.†

Is there no help for this inglorious state ?
Are we all slaves of this tall potentate ?
Great Union-savior, Gen'ral Grant, canst thou
Not save us from this greater danger now ?
Canst thou not grapple with Monop'ly, too,
And the huge chain that binds us all undo ?

Oh, for a burst of that intrepid will
Which struck the Tyrant's knell at Bunker Hill !‡

* The donations of land to railroad companies exceed, in extent, the area of France and Prussia together.

† It is in the power of the great railroad companies to raise or depress the prices of the agricultural productions at the East, and to do the same with regard to eastern manufactures and foreign imports at the West.

‡ The great railroads subordinate local business to that which is of a national character. Assuming to perform national functions, national restraint sooner or later is inevitable.

I'm not the advocate of lawless deeds,
 Nor of such laws Repudiation breeds ;
 But I prefer one Tyrant to a host,
 Whate'er the danger may be and the cost.
 The Railroad power which Cliques and Rings now hold
 Should by the Nation's wisdom be controlled ;
 State Rights should offer no opposing plea,—
 The People's prior right is to be free.
 Free they can never be, if parts control,
 And with Monopolies enslave the whole.
 Mad'son and Hamilton and Morris wise,*
 Saw the great future with prophetic eyes ;
 The *Constitution* they elastic made,
 To suit a boundless empire and its trade.
 In long abeyance slept its power inert,
 Till foul Rebellion roused it to assert—
 While the whole world stood awe-struck and perplexed—
 The might which slumbered in its sacred text.†

The proud Republics of the olden time
 Not of the sword were victims, but of crime ;
 Emasculate with vice, with abject mind,
 Their necks to the first Tyrant were inclined.
 And thus, unless Monop'ly's march is stayed,
 My Country ! will thy Freedom be betrayed.
 It is Monopoly corrupts the State,
 Debauches all,—the humble and the great.

* Gouverneur Morris, who gave the last touch to the phraseology of the Constitution, being congratulated on its adoption upon our having a *strong* Constitution, replied : "That depends upon how it is construed."

† There were two classes of statesmen in the Convention of 1787. One looked chiefly to protecting State and individual rights ; the other believed these could not be protected permanently, except by a great centralized government. Hamilton, Madison, Jay, and Morris belonged to this latter class.

'Tis the gigantic monster, Corporation,
Which threatens the existence of the Nation.
'Tis concentrated wealth's enormous greed,
Whose fatal steps to sure destruction lead.

If Congress were not, like all others, bound
To "Railroad Rings," a way could soon be found
To throttle, in his pride, the mighty foe,
Dissolve our chains, and let the captive go ;
But Congress trembles in the Monster's hands,
And registers, to order, his commands,
Flings at his feet the People's large domain,
And tempts the Robber crew to rob again.

Plain is the rustic, by the People sent,
At Washington, their will to represent.
Modest and decent, his deportment wins,
With Christian grace rebuking others' sins.
Always from him an honest vote expect.
Why don't the People always such elect ?
But soon the modest man grows rich and proud,
And carrion Lobbies round his lodgings crowd ;
Soon a big house the growing man maintains,
Within whose portals gorgeous lux'ry reigns,
And troops of servants, equipage superb,
With envy, wond'ring citizens disturb.
Those who once snubbed this Congressman with scorn,
Obsequious now at his Receptions fawn ;
His table shines with silver and with gold,—
The price of votes the honest (!) member sold.
The correspondents paid by country Presses
To lie and slander, he with care caresses.
They tell the people to elect again
Statesmen like him,—a patriot (!) without stain.

Not all thus flaunt before the world their guilt,
And show the way their fortunes have been built.
More cautious, some in stocks and land invest,
Seem poor at Washington,—for money pressed.
Careful their habits, regular at church,
Their speeches redolent of deep research.
No scandal with the Fair afflicts their wives,
Exemplary as saint, such member lives ;
A total abstinent from wine and whisky,
Seldom from evening prayers the meetings missed he.
And yet the Brokers in New York record,
How saints like him pile up a rich reward ;
There, Stocks and Bonds are registered for him,
While people say his worldly wealth is slim.
Far in the West, where fertile lands abound,
The titles of such member may be found
To vast estates, o'er which his saintship gloats,
The product of a hundred well-paid votes.*

It is a crime and sin a bribe to take ;
But who are they such sinners grimly make ?
They, too, the scorn of honest men should stand,
Worse than the tempted, we should tempters brand.
Both sorts of men the People should proscribe,—
Those who present, and those who take the bribe.

Before Reform shall strike her patriot blow,
Must things grow worse before they better grow ?
Will Party veil awhile her hideous face,
And to the champions of Reform give place ?

* Names of members could be given who have accumulated fortunes, after two or more years of service in Congress. Some of these, no doubt, are not obnoxious to the charge of corruption, having used only opportunities for Speculation.

Or must we mourn while base corruption reigns,
And forges for the Nation golden chains,
Till Revolution out of chaos springs,
With blood baptized, and healing on her wings ?
Reform ! Reform ! alone the land will save,
And rescue Freedom from an early grave.
For what have all our Country's heroes died,
Since first her hist'ry was a theme of pride ?
Why have ten thousand homes, made desolate,
Wept o'er the gallant soldier's youthful fate ?
Why do tormenting taxes poor men vex,
And grievous debt the Nation's fears perplex ?
Have all those thousand millions been poured forth,
By willing patriots of the West and North,
One vast Aceldama of crime to frame,
And make our Liberties a mocking name ?
Oh, righteous Heaven ! our feeble efforts bless,
To save our Country, and her wrongs redress.

To check portentous crime's enormous growth,
Public and private Vice, reform them both—
Oh, holy Pulpit ! roll your thunders forth,
Invoke the mission of Almighty wrath,
With pure Religion all the Land inspire,
And touch each conscience with a sacred fire.

If Ministers of God would bravely speak
And not the world's applause too earnest seek,
The conscience of the people they would reach,
And not in vain the holy Gospel preach.
With bold denunciation call black *black*,
And hold the wicked, writhing, on the rack ;
Conspiracy against the public weal,
Open or covert, fearlessly reveal ;

The Robber "Rings" expose with pungent pen—
The secret conclave, the Directors' den.
Deal your anathemas upon this brood,
Oh, pious Teachers! and you'll do some good—
The knaves, each Sabbath, who invade your pews
And God's own Altar for base purpose use,
Dethrone the God to whom the many bow,—
The God of Gold whom all men worship now.
(The lust of wealth to ev'ry crime betrays,—
Inflames the Boy, puts Manhood's breast ablaze,
Distracts insidious, domestic peace,
And murders happiness for pelf's increase.)
Expose the lying arts and tricks of Trade,
The false invoice by the Importer made.
The Vestryman and Elder feigning pious,
If known a knave or of a cheating bias ;
Denude the hypocrite, his mantle lift,
And send the rascal from the Church adrift.

Alas, we fear such counsel will not win,
For Churches thrive not where there is no sin.
Mén use the Church to prosper their vocation
And join for lucre any Congregation,—
For fashion some, and some for office' sake,
Profession of Religion meekly make.
'Tis such transport Prayer-Meetings with their rant,
Delighting in the luxury of Cant.
The Presbyterians some propitiate,
And some the Roman Catholics placate,
Surrender school and Bible to the Priest
And swear allegiance to the Papal Beast.
Degen'rate sons, whose persecuted sires
Fled from old Europe and the Martyrs' fires,
The stormy Ocean braved and savage foes,
And made the desert blossom with the rose,—

Made this New World the Freeman's own abode,
 Where men may worship as they please their God.
 Shall Jesuit Priest now mar your heritage
 And mix Religious feuds with Party rage,
 Through Demagogues the Country's laws dictate,
 And to the Pope subject both School and State?
 Forever and forever does Rome's creed
 War on the State by subtle word and deed ;
 It brooks no rival, free or otherwise,
 But, with relentless will, incessant plies
 Each crafty art Imperial power to gain,
 And the World bind with sacerdotal chain.

Our Country's free to Catholics and others,
 And Christians all should feel to all as brothers.
 But we believe no sect, whate'er its number,
 With Priestly chains can this fair Land encumber ;
 But the pure precepts of our Saviour Christ,
 When ev'ry sect subsides, will still exist
 And conquer finally all forms of Evil,
 Sectarianism included, and the Devil.

The Church and Clergy wield a potent force,
 And if they fail to stem the sinner's course,
 It is because they are not practical,*
 But treat as saints whom sinners they should call.
 Too much the rich man rivets their respect,—
 Too much with them the Rich are the Elect.
 Of faith, Free-will, Foreknowledge, they will preach,
 Doctrines abstruse, which the old Fathers teach ;

* "Luther never could have carried half the Christian world along with him if he had confined himself to preaching against the *Doctrines* of the Church. But he exposed its practical abuses, and thundered against the sins of the Clergy, and the people said Amen."—*N. Am. Rev.*, Jan. 1853, p. 158.

But with most vices they will not contend,
Lest, in their homilies, they hurt a friend :
Ignoring these, their thunders find relief
Damning their hearers for their unbelief.

And yet in every sect great men are found
The Christian faith and doctrine to expound.
Foremost among them, orator and Preacher,
Stands the renowned and almost worshipped Beecher,
The Pulpit Garrick, actor unexcelled,—
The Brooklyn Pope, where Plymouth Church is held ;
There is the Theatre where he performs,
Excites and melts, electrifies and warms
The thousands who compose his pious flock,
Where many go to pray and some to mock.
The world delights his fame to criticise,
The Orthodox his curious creed despise ;
But saint and sinner to his church resort,
Some with a good intent, and some for sport.
Too much he labors to produce sensation,
And slight, thereby, the great work of salvation ;
Too much the mountebank he loves to play,
And makes his people laugh when they should pray.
Despite his notions, both of Heaven and Hell,*
The Church and Congregation both, pay well.
But Brother Beecher, by his friends enforced,
Made sad mistake in wedding the divorced ;†
Atonement for his error we accord,
When, with a willing steel pen, we record
His sister Harriet's Byron publication
Provoked his firm and righteous condemnation.

* In attempting, recently, to speculate on what was not revealed, Mr. Beecher broached some very novel opinions respecting Heaven and Hell, which have produced much comment, unfavorable to his orthodoxy.

† The nuptial farce of Richardson and Mrs. McFarland.

On his escutcheon, though some spots we scan,
Still, truth proclaims our Beecher a great man ;
And we expect, before his years are spent,
To see him take the field for President.

O'er Dickens' grave the world, with grief sincere,
Profusely pours the tributary tear.
There be some Parsons, jealous of his fame,
Sneer at the dead and stigmatize his name !
His literary merit they will grant ;
But, then, the Novelist detested cant ;
He did a Christian's work, but owned no sect,
And, therefore, was not one of the elect.
And Brooklyn's Cuyler, with keen scent of sin,
Declares his pages redolent of gin ;
But distant ages Dickens will delight,
When Lethe rolls o'er Cuyler and his spite.
Ignoble hands strike honor from her perch,
And with foul stains—a fair escutcheon smirch :
So mousing hawk arrests the songster's flight,
And Fools in glory's martyrdom delight.

Some draw the pious reins almost too taut,
And hence their ministrations come to naught,
As when they punish for a grievous sin,
Taking, at lunch, a glass of milk and gin.
Now, milk and gin is diet nourishing
In moderation :—it is just the thing
Exhausted nature's functions to restore,
Giving to the Preacher strength to preach more.
When we observe gigantic crime passed by,
And no rebuke for sin in places high,
We must believe good men will hardly think
It crime—to take of milk and gin—one drink.

The land of Mansfield, Stuart, Mackintosh
Has sent us, lately, President McCosh ;
The confuter of Mill, the sturdy Scot,*
Old Nassau Hall has cured of the “dry-rot.”
The Presbyterian Parsons kept her back
From progress in the Scientific track,
McCosh infuses in her veins new blood,
And puts her foremost, where, of old, she stood.
How Boston he amazed when he reviewed†
Her transcendental and her speckled brood !
How Parker’s ghost he troubled in the tomb,
And showed old Emerson his future doom ;
And told New England that her faith in Reason,
To Revelation’s truth, was all rank treason.‡
No human greatness need I here whitewash,
But yet will say none greater than McCosh,
From Europe emigrant, these shores have trod,
To serve mankind, and teach the word of God.
The learned Hodge’s Quarterly Review
Gives to the Orthodox their constant cue.
Profound and eloquent and critical,
Its strictures purblind Infidels appall ;
All errors theological it shocks,
Teaching the faith of Calvin and John Knox.

But here the Muse will rest awhile her pen,
Nor further now portray the TIMES AND MEN.
Unnumbered themes invite her notice still,
And they shall have it if the Public will.

* Dr. McCosh is generally considered as having got the better of Mr. Mill in the controversy in which they were engaged.

† Princeton College languished from the Presidency of Dr. Samuel Stanope Smith until the accession of Dr. McCosh.

‡ Dr. McCosh handled the rationalists of New England without gloves.

The Lawyers, Legislators, Politicians,
The Magazines, the Quacks, and the Physicians,
The Quarterly and the Hebdominal,
The Brokers, Bankers, Railroad Rings, and all
Who vex the land with wickedness and crimes,
Damning the reputation of the TIMES.

And now, my Countrymen, these lines rough-hewed,
In which your troubles sad I have reviewed,—
A gentle caustic to some sores applied,—
Gentle rebukes to those who have defied
Both God and man, in gentle tones addressed,
To rouse remorse in the repentant breast,—
These lines, faint mirror of your MEN AND TIMES,
Faint chronicle of current woes and crimes,
To you I tender, with the faith and trust
That Patriot men will deem their strictures just ;
That some sage chief, with love of country warm,
Will wave on high the Standard of REFORM,—
Will teach the People Virtue to respect,
And honest men for office to elect ;
Corruption's Hydra-head at last strike off,
Nor let the Ballot-box be made a scoff ;
The lust of wealth within just bounds restrain,
And check the carnival of Crime's long reign ;
Renew the youth of Virtue in the State ;
Teach that the good alone are truly great ;
Teach young Ambition that the path to fame
Is that where Honor lights her Vestal flame ;
Teach that the *will of God* should be our guide,
And not the lusts of Vanity and Pride.

Then shall the Great Republic, Heaven-blessed,—
The cynosure to all mankind oppressed,—

Her Destiny of Glory realize,
And to the stature of full greatness rise.
Then, where their subject States fierce Tyrants hold,
Her star-bright Banner Freedom shall unfold ;
The Race of Man,—White, Red, and Black,—set free,
And stretch her Empire over land and sea.
Hark ! the wild tumult of the People's roar,
Sweeping, with earthquake roll, from shore to shore !
The discrowned Priest who called the world his own
Thunders no longer from St. Peter's Throne !
Enfranchised nations rise while despots fall,
And *Universal Freedom shines for all !*

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